



R.K.O.'S WESTERN STAR

# TIM HOLT

NO. 30

10c

PLACE YOUR BETS,  
GENTLEMEN!  
YOU'RE PLAYING FOR  
**REDMASK!**



REDMASK MEETS  
**"LADY DOOM"**  
AND THE  
**DEATH WHEEL!**



# KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

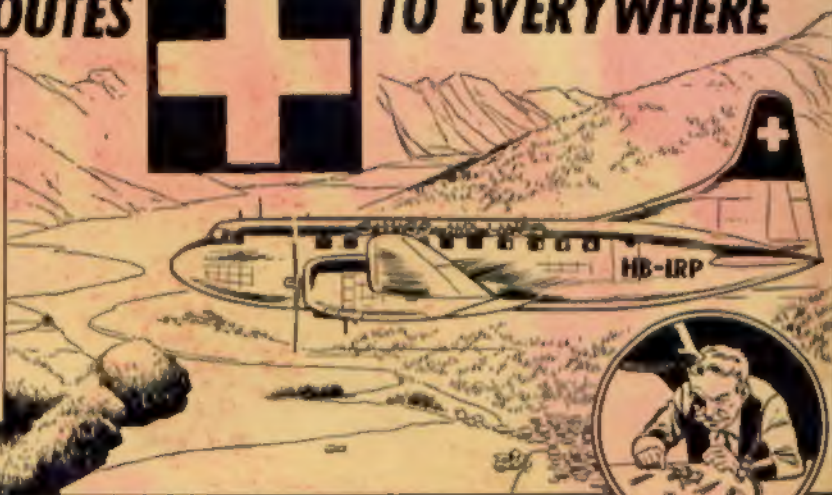
## PRECISION ROUTES



## TO EVERYWHERE

**SWISSAIR**, SWITZERLAND'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE, MIRRORS THE SOLID CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT STURDY ALPINE NATION. FOR OVER TEN GENERATIONS, THE SWISS HAVE HAD A REPUTATION FOR MAKING AND SERVICING PRECISION PRODUCTS EQUALLED BY FEW AND SURPASSED BY NONE.

THE SAME TECHNICAL SKILL AND MECHANICAL APTITUDE THAT PRODUCES THE WORLD'S BEST WATCHES HAS GONE INTO THE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE OF **SWISSAIR'S** SUPERB AIR TRANSPORT SYSTEM...



AS A COMPANY, **SWISSAIR** IS OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT IN ITS OPERATIONS IT DRAWS ON OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION. INHERITING THE EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL OF THE **AD ASTRA** AIRLINE WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1919 IN ZURICH AND OF **BALAIR**, FOUNDED IN 1925 IN BASEL, **SWISSAIR** WAS BORN THROUGH THE FUSION OF THESE TWO COMPANIES IN 1931.

**SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO USE AN AMERICAN-BUILT PLANE, THE LOCKHEED "ORION" IN 1932. LATER, THE COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO USE THE DOUGLAS DC-2 AND DC-3. THUS **SWISSAIR** HAS ASSISTED IN ACQUAINTING SWITZERLAND AND THE REST OF EUROPE WITH THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURE.



TYPICAL OF **SWISSAIR'S** THOROUGHNESS IS THE RECENT INSTANCE WHERE THE COMPANY INTERVIEWED AND TESTED 300 APPLICANTS IN ORDER TO SELECT JUST THIRTY HOSTESSES FOR TRAINING.



ON AUGUST 19, 1951, **SWISSAIR** ADDED THE DOUGLAS DC-6B TO THEIR TRANSATLANTIC SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ZURICH, CUTTING THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THESE CITIES TO A NEW LOW OF 14 HOURS. **SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST CARRIER TO USE THESE PLANES OVER THE ATLANTIC; AND ON JANUARY 31, 1952, A **SWISSAIR** DC-6B SET A NEW WORLD FLYING RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND GENEVA—10 HOURS AND 27 MINUTES. THE **SWISSAIR** DC-6B ALSO SET A NEW OCEAN-CROSSING RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT—4 HOURS AND 36 MINUTES—ONLY 17 MINUTES SHORT OF THE FASTEST CROSSING TO DATE, RECENTLY MADE BY A JET PLANE.

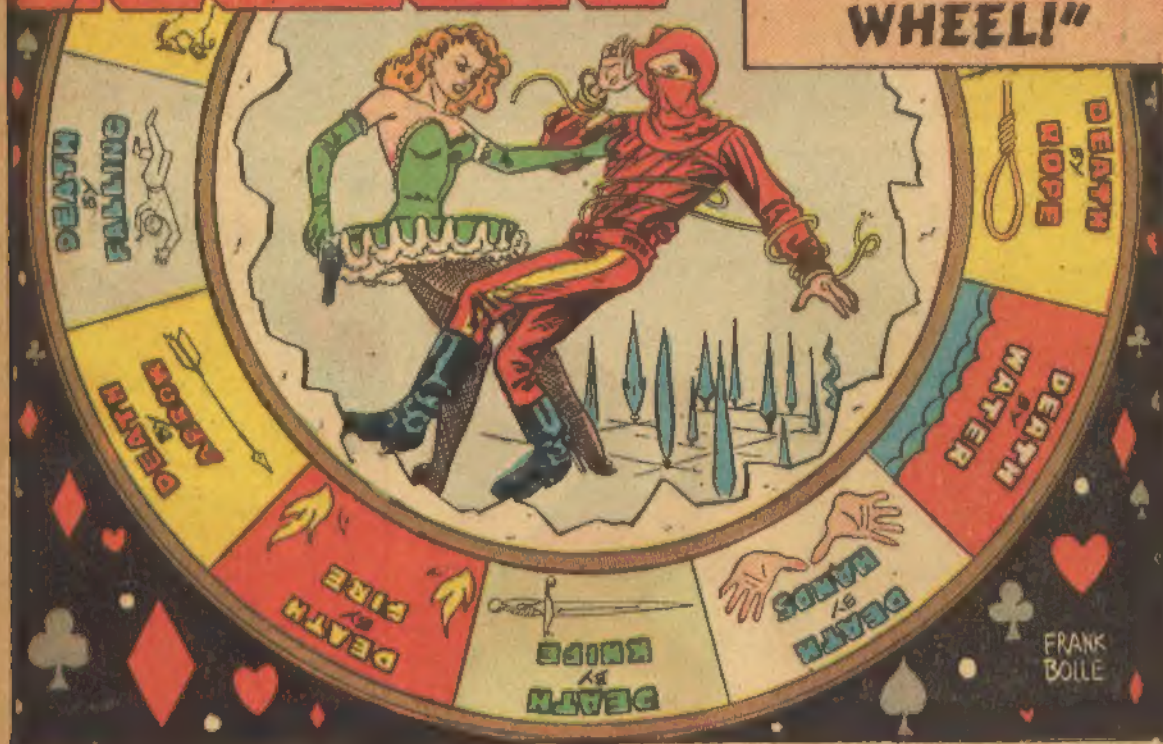




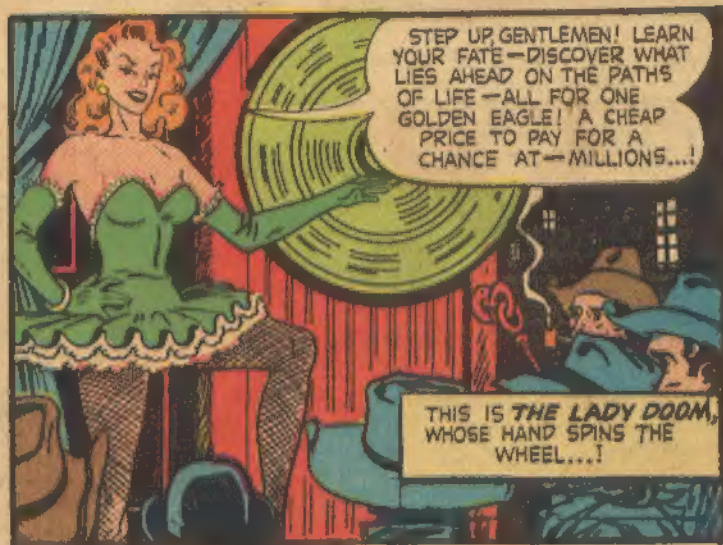
# TIM HOLT

IT RATTLES AND SPINS, AND NO MAN KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE IT WILL STOP FOR THIS IS THE WHEEL OF DEATH, AND AFTER IT IS SPUN BY THE LADY DOOM — SOME MAN DIES! AND WHEN THE LIFE OF RED MASK OF THE RIO GRANDE IS RAFFLED OFF IN A MONSTER GAMBLE — WITH MONEY LAID ACROSS THE BOARD ON THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH — THE GREAT HERO OF THE SOUTHWEST SEES HIS GRIM FATE PREDICTED ON —

## "THE DEATH WHEEL!"



THIS IS THE WHEEL ITSELF. IT IS MADE OF STRANGE WOODS FROM EGYPT AND THE FAR EAST, SANDLEWOOD AND CEDAR, DECORATED WITH OPAL AND LAPIS-LAZULI. LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT WAS MADE FOR KING SOLOMON, THE RULER OF ALL THE DJINN —



THIS IS THE LADY DOOM, WHOSE HAND SPINS THE WHEEL...!



THIS WOMAN IS MYSTERIOUS AND ALOOF. BY DAY SHE IS A TRICK-SHOT ARTIST AND KNIFE-THROWER, WHO HAS COME TO THE COW COUNTRY IN HER LITTLE RED AND GILT WAGON—

BY NIGHT, SHE VEILS HER EYES WITH LACE, AND HER WHITE HAND SPINS THE WHEEL, AND HER RED MOUTH TWISTS IN AN AMUSED SMILE...



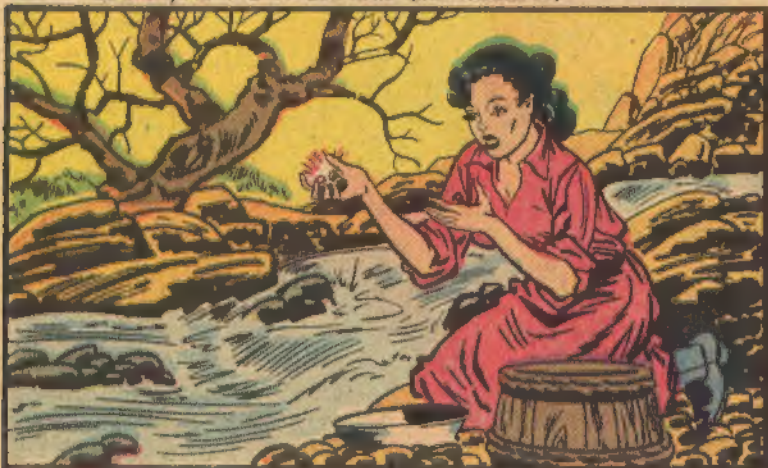
AT FIRST MEN LOOK ASKANCE AT THE LADY DOOM AND HER WHEEL, FOR OTHERS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO TELL FORTUNES AND HAVE FAILED! BUT WHEN HANK EVER'S DIES, AS THE WHEEL FORETOLD—



—AND WHEN EVERETT MASTERS DIES WITH A DOZEN OUTLAW BULLETS IN HIS BODY—



—AND WHEN PRETTY LIZ BECKETT FINDS GOLD ON HER BARREN RANCH, AS THE WHEEL SAID SHE WOULD...

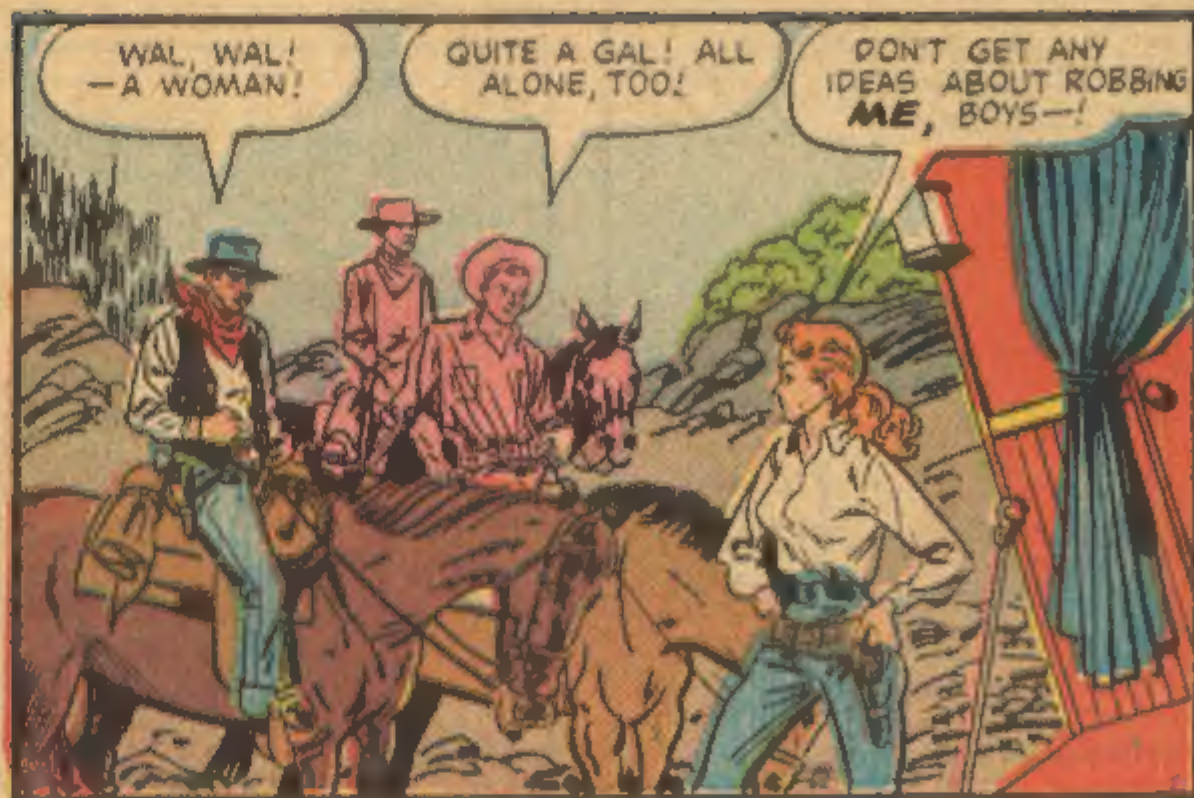


—THEN THE SILVER DOLLARS RATTLE AND ROLL ACROSS THE BOARDS OF THE WHEEL OF FATE!





FROM EL PASO TO CHEYENNE, FROM DENVER TO DODGE CITY, TALES OF THE WHEEL SPREAD AND GROW. AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON...



THUS IT IS THAT THE LADY DOOM AND HER WHEEL COME INTO THE OUTLAW TOWN OF HANGMAN'S NOOSE...



SHE SETS UP HER WHEEL, AND IT RATTLES AND SPINS THE DESTINIES OF THE HARDCASE GUNMEN WHO BECOME ITS STEADY CUSTOMERS...



REDMASK! REDMASK! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! IS HE SO WONDERFUL, THEN? PERHAPS, IF HE FACED MY WHEEL OF FATE— WHO KNOWS? IT MIGHT FORETELL HIS DEATH...!



I WILL HOLD A MONSTER RAFFLE! A SWEEPSTAKES OF DEATH! THE OUTLAWS WILL BET ON THE MANNER OF REDMASK'S DEATH— AND THE WHEEL WILL SELECT THE WINNER!





WORD OF THE DEATH RAFFLE GOES OUT, ACROSS THE DESERTS AND THE WATERHOLES, INTO THE COW COUNTRY...

DEATH TO REDMASK!



ONE MORNING AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH...

HEAR ABOUT THE RAFFLE THAT OUTLAW TOWN IS HOLDING? THEY'RE MAKING BETS ON THE WAY THAT REDMASK DIES!



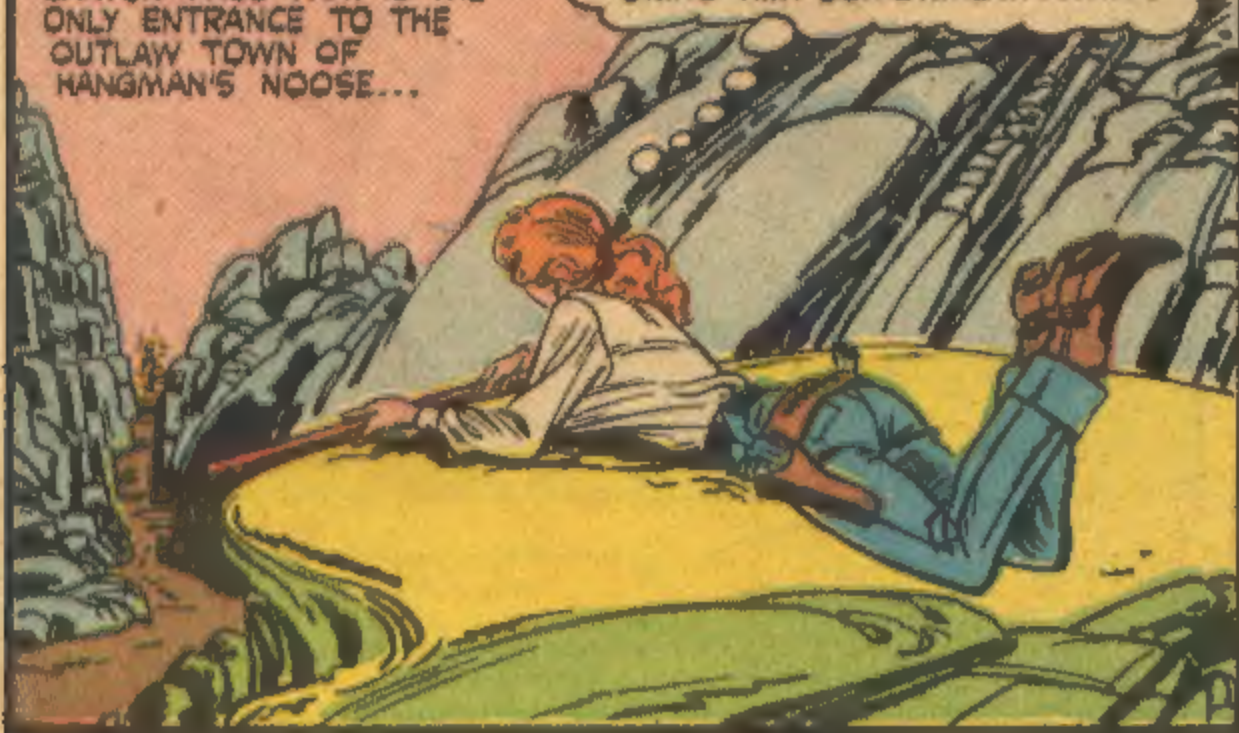
MOMENTS LATER, TIM HOLT DISCARDS HIS WORN, WORKADAY GARMENTS AND DONS THE CRIMSON HABIT OF—REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE!

IF SOMEONE IS TAKING BETS ON THE MANNER OF MY DYING, IT'S HIGH TIME I DREW CHIPS IN THE GAME MYSELF!



NIGHTLY THE LADY DOOM STATIONS HERSELF BY THE CANYON PASS THAT IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE OUTLAW TOWN OF HANGMAN'S NOOSE...

HE WILL COME. I SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT THE RAFFLE—IT WILL BRING HIM SOMETIME... AHHH!



HERE HE COMES NOW! HE FANCIES HIMSELF SAFE, AS FAR FROM TOWN AS THIS. HE WILL NOT HEAR THIS DRUG-COVERED NEEDLE AS I BLOW IT AT HIM...

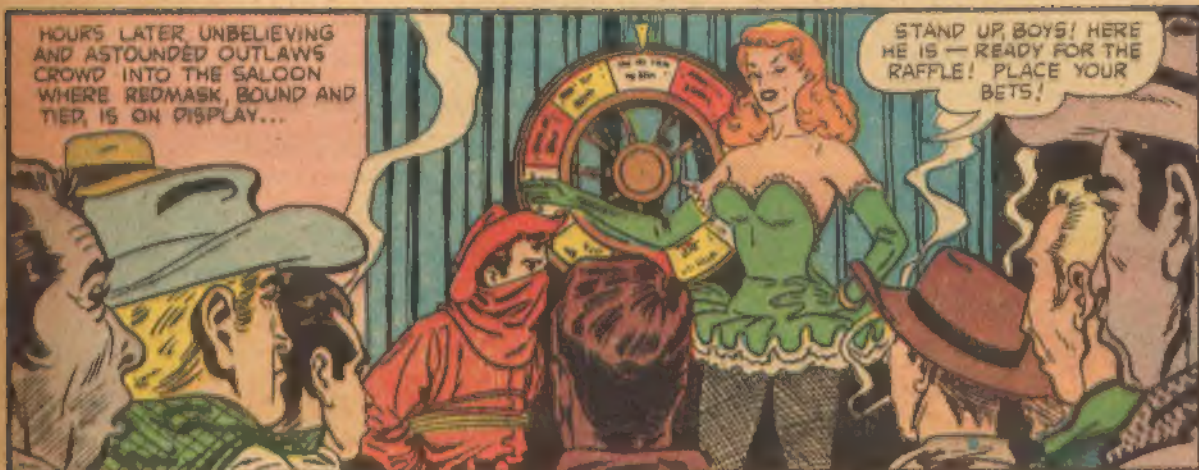


A MOMENTARY STING, A QUICK NUMBING OF THE SENSES—AND REDMASK CRASHES FROM THE SADDLE!

SO! THE GREAT REDMASK LIES AT MY FEET—HELPLESS!

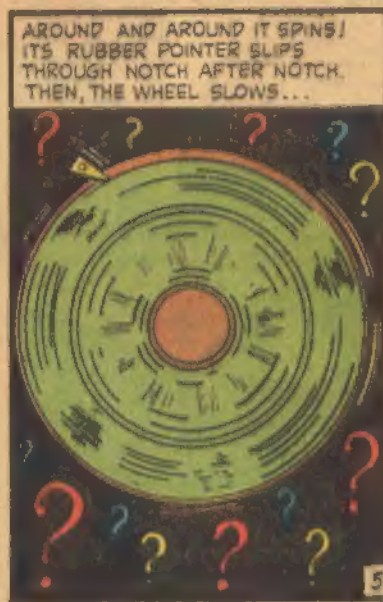
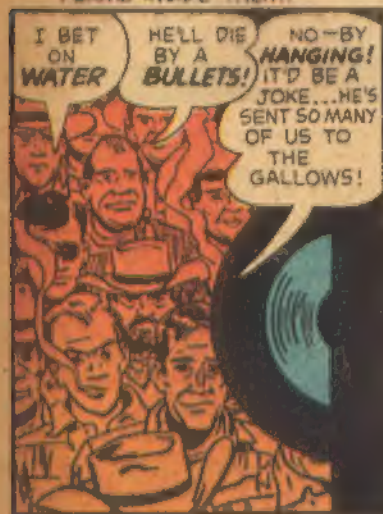






EAGER VOICES CRY ASSENT—AND THEN ARE LIFTED AS THE FEVER OF GAMBLING RISES TO A HOT FLAME INSIDE THEM!

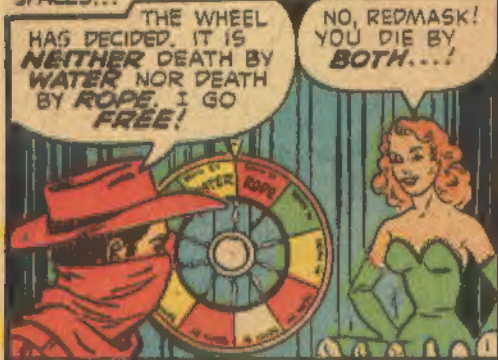
FOR THIS IS THE GREATEST GAMBLE OF THEIR LIVES, AS THEY PLAY ON THE DEATH OF THEIR GREATEST ENEMY! EVERY EYE IN THE ROOM RIVETS ITSELF TO THE WHEEL AS IT SPINS...



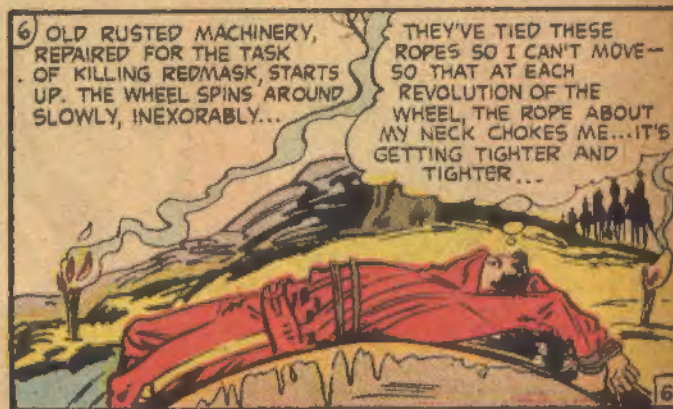
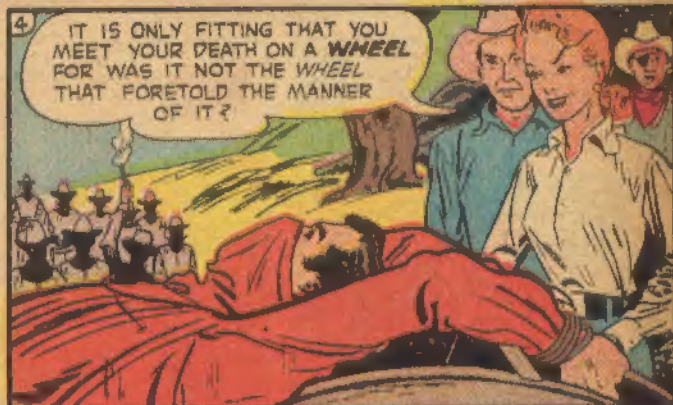


# TIM HOLT

AS REDMASK OPENS HIS EYES, THE WHEEL STOPS, ITS POINTER CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO SPACES...



MOMENTS BEFORE DAWN, A CAVALCADE OF GALLOPING OUTLAWS RACE PAST A GROUP OF ABANDONED WAGONS ABOVE THE HEIGHTS OF OUTLAW TOWN...





EVEN IF I DO WORK FREE—BEFORE I CAN GET OFF THE WHEEL, IT WOULD CATCH ME BETWEEN THE WHEEL AND THE CEMENT RIM OF THE WATER-TROUGH...!



WAIT! THAT COIL OF ROPE! AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENS AROUND MY NECK—THAT PIECE OF SLACK GETS **BIGGER!**

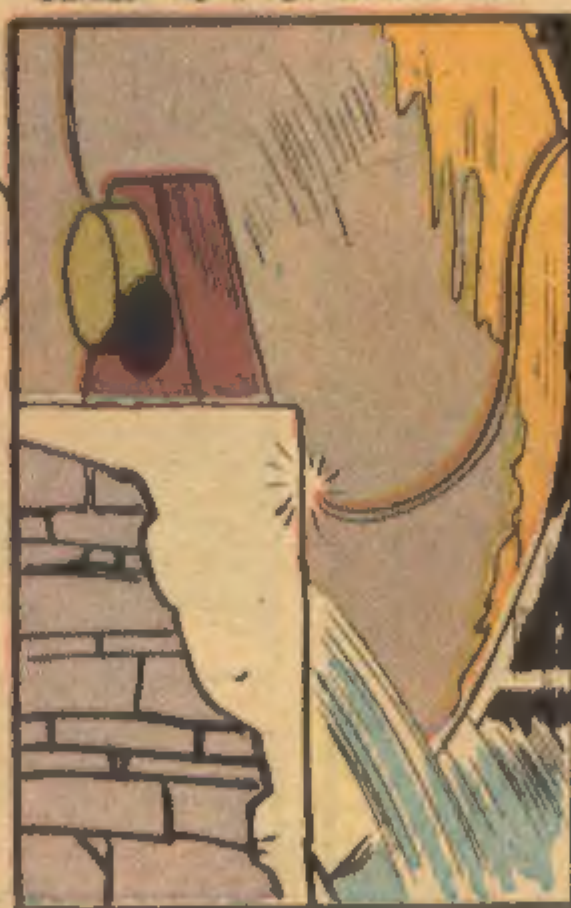


AS THE HUGE WHEEL DROPS DOWNWARD FOR A SECOND PASSAGE THROUGH THE WATER-TROUGH, AND AS THE NOOSE AROUND HIS THROAT TIGHTENS SICKENINGLY, REDMASK STRUGGLES SIDWAYS...



BY WRIGGLING AROUND I CAN MAKE THAT SLACK EVEN LONGER—SO THAT IT HANGS OUT OVER THE EDGE OF THE WHEEL...

AS THE WHEEL DESCENDS, THE SLACK ROPE IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE WHEEL AND THE EDGE OF THE CEMENT WATER-TROUGH—AND SLICED AS IF BY A KNIFE!



MOMENTS LATER...

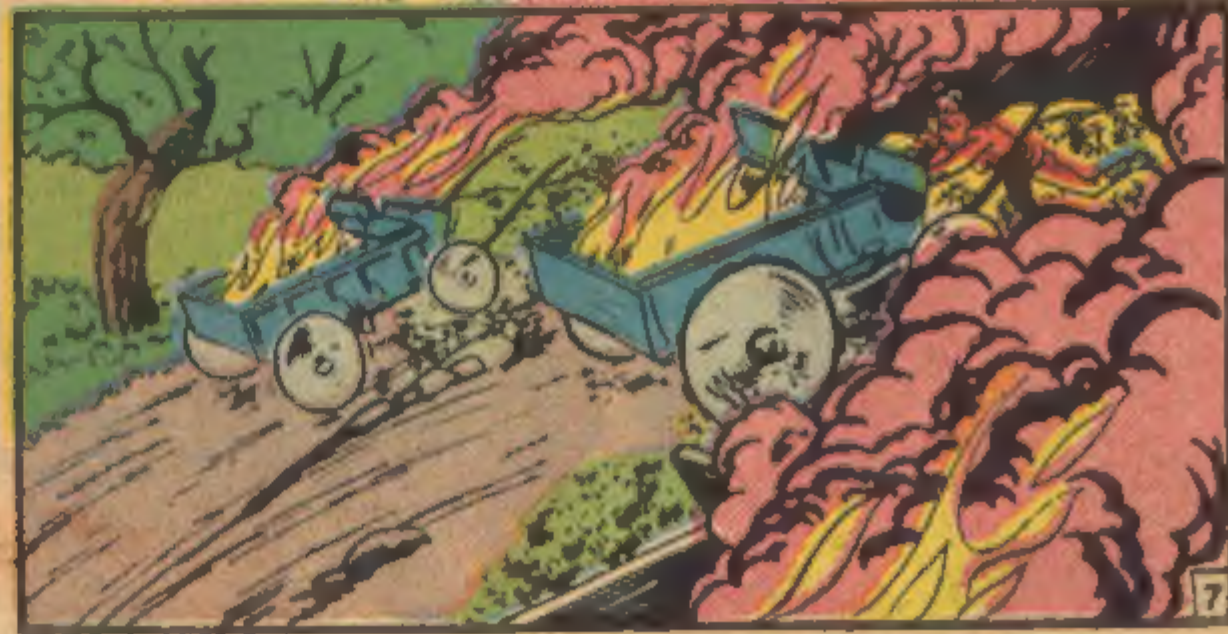


ONCE THE ROPE WAS CUT, THE PARTS THAT WERE BOUND ABOUT MY THROAT CAME LOOSE. THE WHEEL SAID I'D GO FREE—AND **FREE I AM!**

THESE WAGONS ARE JUST WHAT I NEED...!



WITH SAWDUST AND TWIGS GATHERED FROM THE WOODS, AND WITH A FLAME BEGUN BY A SPARK FROM STEEL AND FLINT, A GREAT CARAVAN OF BLAZING WAGONS IS SOON ROLLING DOWN THE HILLSIDE...!





THE FIRE-WAGONS CRASH INTO THE DRY, SUN-BAKED BUILDINGS OF THE OUTLAW TOWN!



FANNED BY THE BREEZE, THE FLAMES EAT HUNGRILY AT THE WOODEN BUILDINGS! SOON THE ENTIRE TOWN IS ON FIRE, THE ONLY SAFE PLACE BEING SOME HUNDRED YARDS OUTSIDE THE TOWN LIMITS!



LOOK! REDMASK! SOMEHOW HE WORKED FREE — AND ROLLED THOSE WAGONS DOWN ON US!

IT'LL BE THE LAST THING HE EVER DOES! ME AND THE BOYS WILL KILL HIM FOR KEEPS, THIS TIME!

BUT AS THE OUTLAWS RIDE ON THEIR VENGEANCE MISSION, HIDDEN RIFLES POUR A SHEET OF FLAME AT THEIR PACKED RANKS —



WHEN I AM MEESING YOU, I FOLLOW WEETH THE RANCH-HANDS! WE SEE TOWN ON FIRE AND COMING RUNNING!

JUST IN TIME TO FINISH THE OUTLAWS OFF, ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SEEING DISASTER ALL AROUND HER, THE LADY DOOM FLEES WITH HER ILL-GOTTEN LOOT —



REDMASK IS FOLLOWING ME! I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM!



BUT HER MOUNT STUMBLES AND THROWS HER — AND THE LADY DOOM, FRANTICALLY STRIVING TO RECOVER HER BALANCE ON THE EDGE OF THE CANYON WALL, SLIPS ON THE ROLLING COINS AS THEY SPILL OUT...



AAAAAGHH!



FUNNY! THE VERY THING THAT CAUSED HER DEATH RESEMBLES THAT BY WHICH SHE MEETED OUT DEATH TO OTHERS... FOR A COIN IS — JUST A METAL WHEEL!

IS THE LADY DOOM DEAD? OR WILL THE GREAT WHEEL OF FATE SPIN OUT AN ESCAPE FOR HER — SO THAT ONCE AGAIN, IN SOME OTHER TIME, HER TRAIL WILL ONCE MORE CROSS THAT OF RED MASK OF THE RIO GRANDE...?

THE END



I UNDER  
STAND  
COPY 7,  
BUT NOT  
STEAL

PROFESSOR X: WE DESIGNED THE BUS SPECIALLY FOR THE MISSION.

JEAN GREY: YOU HAVE AN HOUR.

YOUNG  
L.A.E.  
L.A.N.  
L.C.E.

ROCKET 24  
TO EARTH WILL  
BE LANDING  
ON VENUS  
IN 15  
MINUTES

HERE I'VE  
 JUST MADE A  
 COUP WITH MY  
**ROCKET RING**  
 AND THE BUNG  
 RAISE THEM  
 BACK TO  
 EARTH

THANKS TO MY  
ROCKET RING  
THE VENUSIANS  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHAT  
PLANS I  
COULD

GET ONE OF THESE SECRET RINGS FOR YOUR VERY OWN

# Major Mars' own ROCKET RING

**4 OTHER EXCITING FEATURES:**

- 12 "MARS" WHITE 1 1/2 IN. HAMBURGER SIZE PICTURES AT INTERCHANGEABLE PLACES
- 12 "MARS" MAP OF MARS SYSTEM
- 12 "MARS" ANY 1 1/2 IN. PAPER
- ADDITIONAL 4 NEGATIVES AND 24 PRINTING PAPERS 10c AND 1 BAG

Box 27 New York 40 N.Y.

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ Rocket Rings including 4 negs. at 12c each, printing paper, and free Gift List.

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of 4 extra negs. and 24 papers (an enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ bags) \* 25c and 1 bag for each ring 10c and 1 bag for each set of extra papers.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_

\* 12 INCHES AND 70% OF THE MEMBER  
AIA PAPER AT INTERMEDIATE STAGES  
IN THE MAP OF THE SYSTEM  
FOR ANY OF THE  
ADDITIONAL NEGATIVES AND 24 PRINTING PAPERS  
10% AND 10%

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ Encke Rings, including 4 negs. or 12  
printing paper, and five Giger Gels (1)

Send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of 4 extra negs. and 24 papers  
on enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ bags  
25c and 1 bag for each ring 10c and 1 bag for  
each set of extra papers

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
P.A. N. N. P. N. C. N. 3

1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to define the problem. This involves identifying the symptoms of the problem and determining the scope of the problem. Once the problem has been defined, the next step is to identify the causes of the problem. This involves identifying the factors that are contributing to the problem and determining the underlying causes of the problem. Once the causes of the problem have been identified, the next step is to develop a plan to address the problem. This involves identifying the actions that need to be taken to address the problem and determining the resources that will be needed to implement the plan. Once a plan has been developed, the next step is to implement the plan. This involves taking the actions that have been identified in the plan and putting them into practice. Finally, the last step in the process is to evaluate the results of the plan. This involves determining whether the plan has been successful in addressing the problem and identifying any areas for improvement.





THE HARPY IS A CREATURE OF LEGEND - A LOVELY WOMAN WITH HORNS OF AN ANGEL AND THE NOSE OF A HORSE. BUT WHEN THIS LEGEND COMES TO LIFE IN THE LITTLE MINING TOWN OF EL DORADO, THE GHOST RIDER FINDS HIMSELF IN A DANGEROUS STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. THERE, AS HE BATTLES TO THE DEATH WITH

THE  
CLAWS  
OF  
HORROR!

A MAN SCREAMS - THE HIGH WINDS BURST IN THE BALLS AND CASTING ABOUT TERRIBLY WHEN THEY REACH THE





# TIM HOLT

THE TOWN DRUNK  
STAGGERED FORWARD  
IN THE SIDE WALK

SOMEBODY  
SHAY/SHOETHING?  
I - AAAWWWWK!



STADY TERROR CAN SOBER A MAN IN SECONDS!  
AS THE TOWN DRUNK FALLS BACKWARD  
HIS TONGUE STEADIES AND - SEES A FEAR

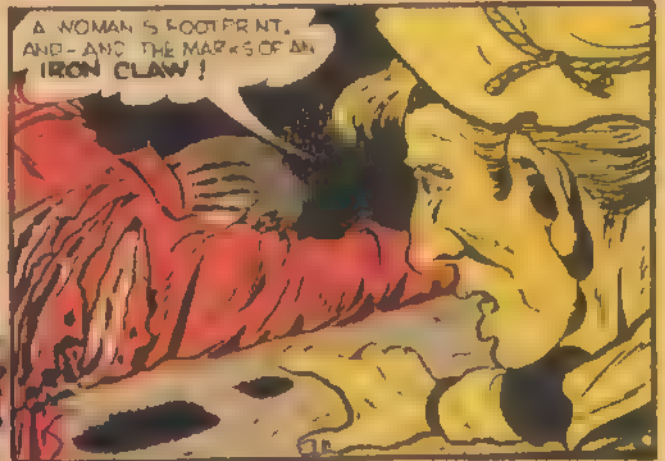
I DIDN'T SEE THAT THING.  
IT WASN'T THERE, I COULDN'T  
HA.F SEEN IT.



WHATEVER I WAS - IT'S  
GONE! GUESS I WAS  
DREAMING IT, AFTER ALL!!



A WOMAN'S FOOTPRINT.  
AND - AND THE MARKS OF AN  
IRON CLAW!



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE BACKROOM OF AN EL DORADO  
SALOON, FOUR MEN SIT WITH FEAR SHOWING IN THE EYES..

WHAT DO  
WE DO  
NOW?

SOMEBODY KILLED HIM! ONLY I  
KNEW HE WERE ALL -  
PARTNERS!



SOME HADN'T YET SUN  
THE FEAR OF THE  
SHIVER MARSHAL MEET  
EXAMINING THE EVIDENCE -

THAT THEY ARE THE  
PRINT AND THE CLAW MARK  
INDICATED OF PARIS, IF IT  
WASN'T FOR THAT, I'D THINK  
THE TOWN DRUNK WAS  
SETTING THINGS!

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING -  
I EXAMINED THE PLACE  
WHERE THOSE FOOT-  
PRINTS WERE - AND  
THEY ENDED IN THE HARD  
EARTH AS IF SOMEONE -  
WANTED TO WALK  
THEM - AWAY!





# TIM HOLT

CARL PASDACH - FL WELLES - FRANK WOOVER - TOM TISDALE -  
FOUR MEN WITH A SECRET, FOUR MEN WHO HAVE A REASON TO  
FEAR - THE HAPPY!

THEY SAY  
THE HAPPY KILLS  
MEN WHO HAVE  
SINNED.

BUT NOBODY  
KNEW THAT WE  
WERE FRIENDS,  
EXCEPT US!



"NOBODY KNOWS THAT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, WE  
KILLED WILL MARTIN."

WE DID IT, NOW  
WE WON'T WORK FOR  
HIM NO MORE.

HE FOUND THE MINE, BUT  
WE'LL SAY WE FOUND IT!  
IT WILL MAKE US ALL  
RICH!



WE'LL BURY HIM DEEP DOWN, UNDER  
THE BOTTOM FLOOR, NOBODY WILL EVER  
FIND HIM DOWN THERE!



AND NOW FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, IT IS AS IF THE GHOST  
OF THE MURDERED WILL MARTIN HAS LIFTED FROM THE GRAVE,  
DEMANDING VENGEANCE! ON HIS WAY HOME CARL PASDACH  
MEETS THE HAPPY -



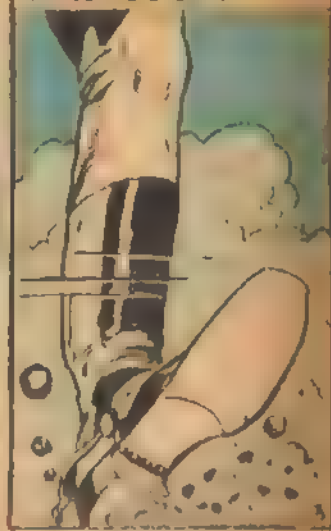
THEN, LOOKING BRIGHT IN THE RAYS OF  
THE SILVERY MOON - THE GHOST  
RIDER RALLIES HIS HORSE!



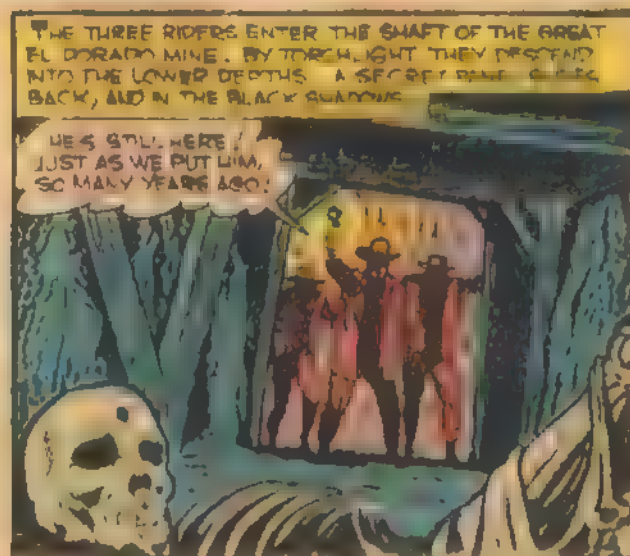
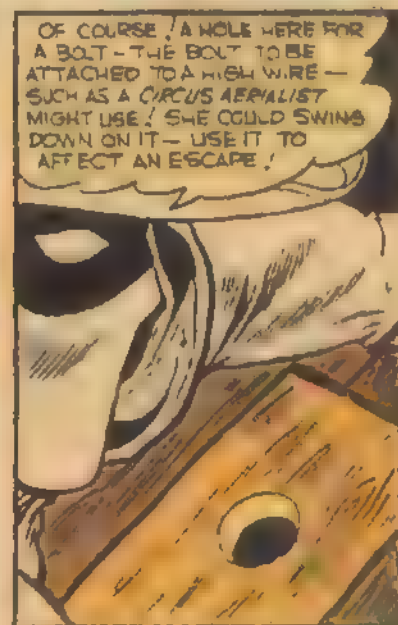
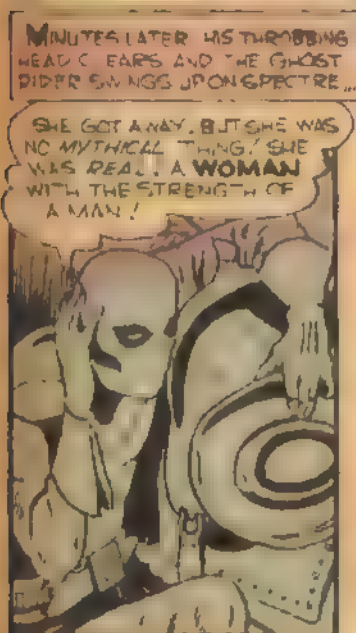
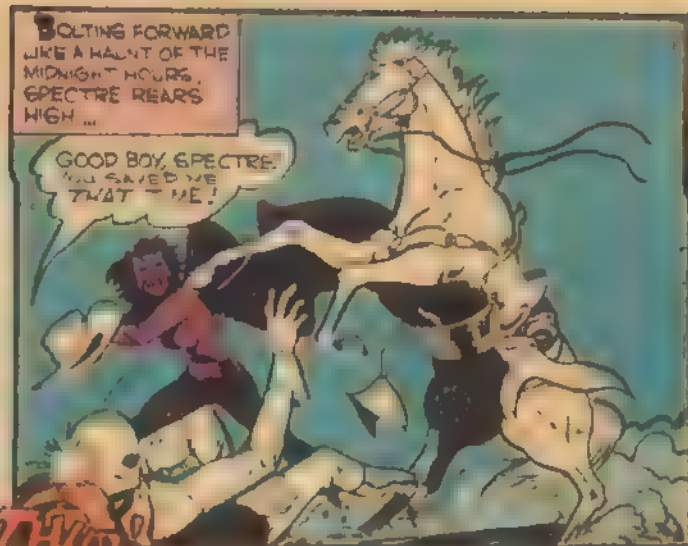
BUT WHEREVER YOU ARE, THING  
OF EVIL, YOU MUST ANSWER TO  
THE GHOST RIDER!



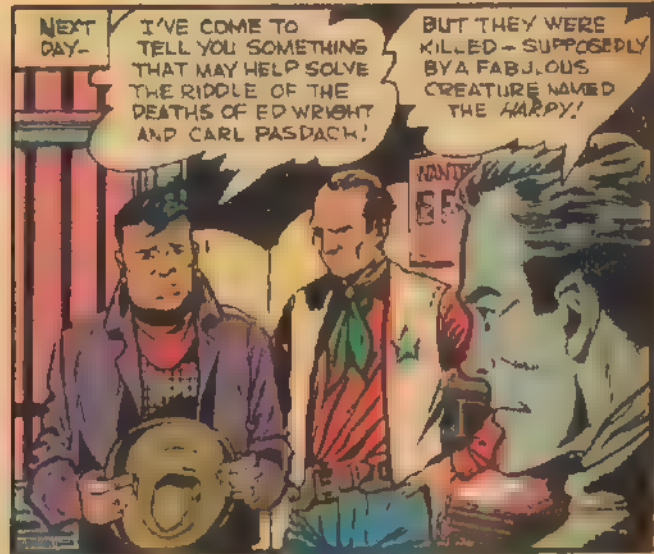
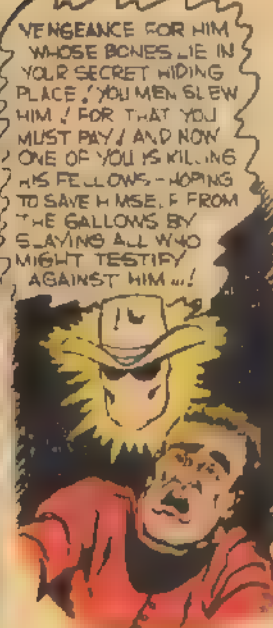
SUDDENLY HIS FOOT TWISTS  
ON A WISE STONE!













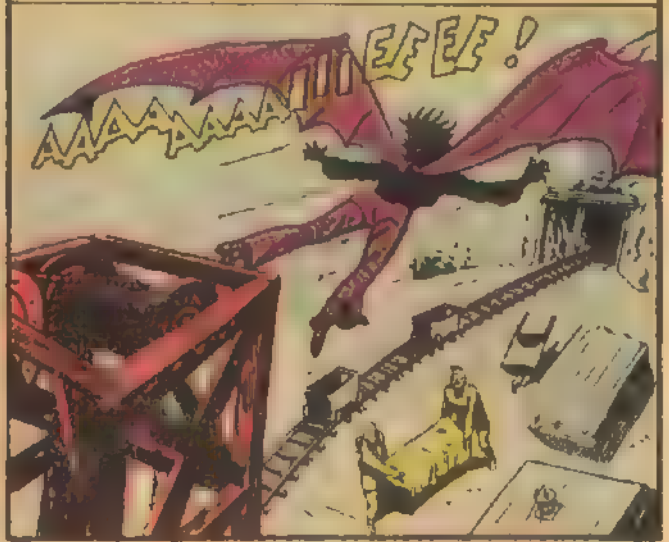
THAT NIGHT, TWO FIGURES SLINK OUT OF THE MINE SHAFT, A SKELETON IN THEIR ARMS...



EASY DOES IT! DON'T LET ANYBODY SEE US!

WE'LL BURY THIS SKELETON OUT ON THE DESERT! THEN IF ANYBODY FINDS IT—THEY CAN NEVER CONNECT US WITH IT!

THE NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY AN ELDERTH SCREAM...



AAAAAHHH EEE!



NO! NO! FRANK—HELP ME!

BUT TOM TISDALE'S SCREAM BRINGS HELP FROM ANOTHER SOURCE! THE GHOST RIDER LAUNCHES HIMSELF FORWARD—



I FIGURED YOU'D MAKE YOUR NEXT TRY HERE — TO CATCH THESE MEN WITH THE SKELETON!

YOU—KNOW—TOO MUCH!

SHARLING, THE HURRY, LUNGES FORWARD, ITS METAL CLAWS DRIVING FOR THE GHOST RIDER'S EYES—



BACK AND FORTH THE GRIM FIGURES REEL, LOCKED TIGHT IN MORTAL COMBAT—



I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU! YOU ARE A MURDERER — BUT YOU ARE ALSO A HUMAN!



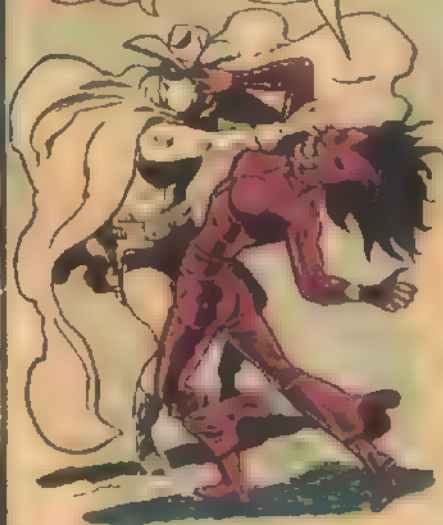
# TIM HOLT

I THOUGHT SO! THAT CLAW IS FITTED TO A LEATHER GLOVE THAT SLIPS OVER THE HAND AND WRIST!



NOW FOR THE MASK ITSELF!

NO! NO! YOU SHAN'T! I WON'T LET — OHHHH!



BEHOLD HER, GENTLEMEN! BELLE MARTIN — DAUGHTER OF WILL MARTIN, THE MAN YOU MURDERED! SHE IS THE LADY WHO ATTACKED YOU, SEEKING REVENGE!



SHE WAS AN AERIALIST IN A CIRCUS, THAT DEVELOPED HER STRENGTH AND HER AGILITY ON THE HIGH WIRES! IT WAS SIMPLE FOR SUCH AN ATHLETIC WOMAN TO PRETEND TO FLY ON THOSE WIRES SHE RIGGED UP! WITH YOUR DEATHS, SHE COULD STEP IN, CLAIM THE PRIZE AND BECOME RICH! SHE WORKED WITH EELWELLES, WHO BROUGHT HER OUT HERE, WHEN HE CAME TO ME TO CONFESS, SHE SLEW HIM WITH A POISONED NEEDLE!



NO USE TO FLEE! YOU ARE AS GUILTY AS SHE!

NO! RUN!



MY ROPE — AND THEN THE ROPE OF THE EXECUTIONER! ALL WHO SIN IN THE MIDNIGHT HOURS PAY THE PENALTY FOR THEIR CRIMES! MOVE ON TO GAIL!

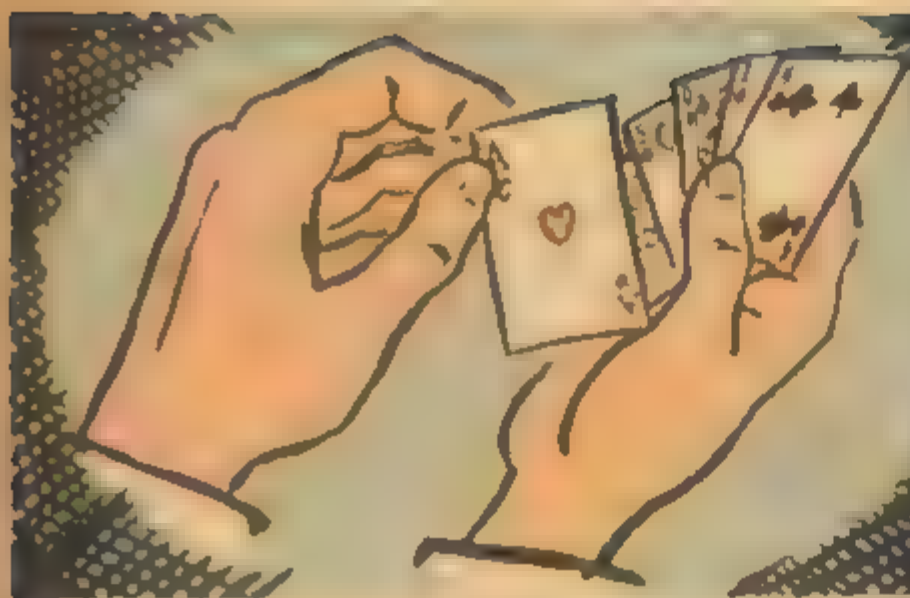


AWAY, SPECTRE — THE DAY IS APPROACHING!



THE END





# OUTLAW HANDS

**H**E was a lean man, with the mark of the sun burned into the brown flesh of his face. He sat on the high rock with the patience of an Indian, watching the diamond-stack railroad engine chug and puff its way along the gleaming rails of the Union Pacific, up the rising slopes of Saddlehorn Hill. There was over fifty thousand dollars in crisp new bills in the Wells-Fargo box that rattled and jounced on the worn floorboards of the baggage car.

"By tomorrow night, that fifty thousand will be in my pocket," the man said.

He dropped the cigarette that was almost burning his thin lip. He rose from his crouch and stepped on it with the sole of a worn boot. His spur made a musical jingle.

Fifty thousand dollars. It made a nice sound on the lips, and it brought fine ideas to the mind that thought about the greenbacks. In neat stacks they would be, within the Wells-Fargo box.

"They'll carry it like that, from the railroad station to the bank," he whispered, watching a thin plume of smoke from the railroad engine drift away on a wind eddy. "That's when I'll step into the picture—after it gets to the bank."

The weight of his big Colt Peacemaker's reminder bell—

His hands flashed down, white and supple in the dying sunlight. They lifted the guns easily, flashing their long barrels. The man's hard lips smiled thinly.

"Just as fast as I ever was, but I got to keep in practice. A man can't let himself forget one single thing when he rides the long trail. The law is always looking to catch a man in a mistake. But if a man is a man and don't make a mistake—the law will never get him."

That was the doctrine that Turk Madden lived by, here in the rocky desolation of the badlands. It had seen him from one cow town to another, living by his wits and daring, by the speed of those hands as they cleared leather holsters with drawn guns. He planned each move when he set out on a robbery. He looked over the ground. He made a careful study of the men involved. When he was sure he had calculated every risk involved, he struck.

Turk chuckled as he drew on the tight leather gloves that protected his hands from the bite of

iron and the scratches of cactus thorns. He was proud of his hands. They were a necessary part of his work. It was their speed with the guns that had saved his life on more than one occasion. Every three months he threw away his gloves and bought new ones. He took no chances.

"My hands and my horse," he said, and walked down the rocky slope toward the big grey saloon that was cropping at a few sparse tufts of bunch grass.

He put a boot into the stirrup and swung up into the big Pueblo saddle. The grey shook his head as the man settled his weight, and at the touch of a toe, cantered off into the setting sun.

Like so many other western towns that had sprung upon the rim of the Western Trail, taking its growth from the steady stream of Texas longhorns that swung northward from the Llano Estacados every year, Saddlehorn Gulch lived mostly at night. The kerosene lamps, the swinging doors, the tiny pianos in saloons like the Ocean Lady, and the Federal Queen highlighted the shifting crowds that entered and moved from one lake of lamplight before the saloons to the next.

Turk Madden mingled with the crowd. He liked the life moving among people rubbing shoulders in the cool night air. At Saddlehorn lives alone so much, he thought bitterly, as he raised a pair of rollers into the National Bar. He liked just listening to voices and laughter. He rarely drank. It was dangerous for a man who lived on the rim of society.

"Care for a little game?" a voice asked at his elbow.

Madden shook his head, automatically turning. A little thrill ran through him. It was Sheriff Parker, smiling up at him—the sheriff of this town that he was going to rob some time after sundown tomorrow.

Madden said, "Sorry. I'm about broke. Got to go back to the ranch tomorrow to save up for another vacation six months from now!"

The sheriff nodded understandingly. "It's just a friendly game. Penny ante. Me and my friends usually play together, but one of them expects a cow to calve, and can't be here."

Madden scratched at his chin thoughtfully.



Might be a good idea to join in, nurse this badge-wearer into getting friendly, and then pump him! He let a smile twist his lips into a good-natured grin.

"Well, now. Maybe I might sit in at that, if it's just pennyante. Can't afford to lose much, but it sure would help to pass the time."

The sheriff was delighted, and said so. He went on: "Me and the boys don't like to play four-handed. Five is better. Your settin' in makes it just right. What ranch you drawin' your pay from?"

Madden told him, hardly thinking, accepting his cards. It was an old story to him. He had made it up years ago, and it was second nature to him to repeat it. He told it so well, he knew it was convincing. He said, "Pigpen up in the Little Brother country. Bronc-buster. Do a little bull-doggin at the rodeos when they hit up our way. Every few months I get a hankerin' for new faces. Then I collect my back pay and light out. Never saw nothin' I like better than the Little Brother benchland, though, so I always go back."

A player tossed in some chips, and the game was on. The sheriff took the puzzled frown off his face, and turned his mind to the game. No man spoke now, for though they played for small stakes, the game itself drew and held them. Turk Madden kept the smile on his lips, but now his smile was honest. He was enjoying himself.

Again and again he slid his hand out to rake in chips. Luck was riding with him — luck that he sincerely hoped would ride with him again tomorrow. He jested back at the players as they joshed him about a stranger's luck. He laughed when they laughed, and he treated to drinks when it was his turn.

Once the sheriff said, "You know Abe Carruthers up in the Little Brother country?"

Turk chuckled. He had made it his business to learn about that land below the Sweetwater River. He rode through it every so often, making friends. He said confidently: "Passed the time of day with Abe about four months ago. Learned his daughter was havin' a baby."

The sheriff nodded, and relaxed. "Heard about that, myself."

Turk Madden thought, if he was trying to back up on my story of being in the Little Brother country he's got his answer now! An hour after midnight Turk got to his feet and stretched.

"I'm three dollars and some cents to the good," he said. "If nobody objects I'll be turnin' in. I got me a long ride tomorrow, northward."

The sheriff tossed in his cards.

"Deal us all out, Jim. Reckon we've had our fun. I have to hit the sack myself. I got a busy day up in the Salinas hills lookin' for that rustler that's been bothering the Kays' seven stock."

Turk kept his poker face fixed rigid on his features. "Good! The sheriff will be out of town tomorrow. That makes it all the easier!"

He felt so good he allowed himself two fig-

gers of redeye for a nightcap, instead of the usual one.

The sunlight shining in his eyes woke Turk Madden next morning. He stretched lazily, put his hands behind his head, and chuckled.

"I got it all set. I even made friends with the sheriff last night. Folks know me. They won't suspect nothin' when I go into the bank, soon as its doors open this morning."

One minute to subdue the cashier. Half a minute to lift the neat little bundles that would be waiting for the day's business. Reset the spring lock, and close the door behind him. Gallop out of town, with fifty thousand dollars in his pockets! By the time somebody woke to the fact that the bank was late in opening — the relocked door would fool them for a little while — he would be a mile out of town, and going fast. The gray stallion was fully rested, and ready to run.

"It's a cinch," he said, and bounded out of bed.

He ate breakfast in Mrs. Murphy's restaurant, with a window table that allowed him to keep his eyes on the bank door. He had sat here for the last five mornings, timing the cashier, timing his waitress. He knew that no one paid the slightest bit of attention to him.

He had even made friends, in a fashion, with the cashier, going there immediately after breakfast every morning to cash a five dollar bill into smaller denominations. He lit a cigarette and one moment after the cashier unlocked and opened the door, he was crossing the street swiftly, with long strides.

The cashier had not even time to lift the green haze shades that veiled the bank from the sunlight and from the eyes of passersby, when Turk slid into the building.

His hand went down and brought out his gun — "Hold it!"

He knew that voice. Only a few short hours ago, he had heard it laugh and speak and even sweat in a good-natured manner. Now Turk Madden froze rigid, with his Colt half in and half out of his holster.

The sheriff moved forward, gun in hand. He held out a reward dodger. Turk's eyes brushed it. It was a poor likeness of him on the paper, but it was his picture.

"Almost fooled me, son," said the sheriff, squinting up. "You only made one mistake. About that Little Brother country, now —"

Turk said bitterly, "Don't tell me I've never been there! I have! I know Abe Carruthers, too!"

The sheriff nodded. "Could be. Probably is the truth. I'm talking about something else! You said you punched cows and bulldogged steers in that country. Boy you never did any work like that in your life! Your hands are as white and as well cared for as a woman's! That he made me suspicious. I hunted all night, found this dodger, and hid here, until you made your play. Now, let's get moving — to jail!" THE END



# TIM HOLT

WITH ONLY THREE BULLETS LEFT, AND A SCORE OF PAINTED, HOWLING APACHES GALLOPING FULL TILT AT THEM, TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARD, CHITO KNOW THAT ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE THEIR LIVES IN—

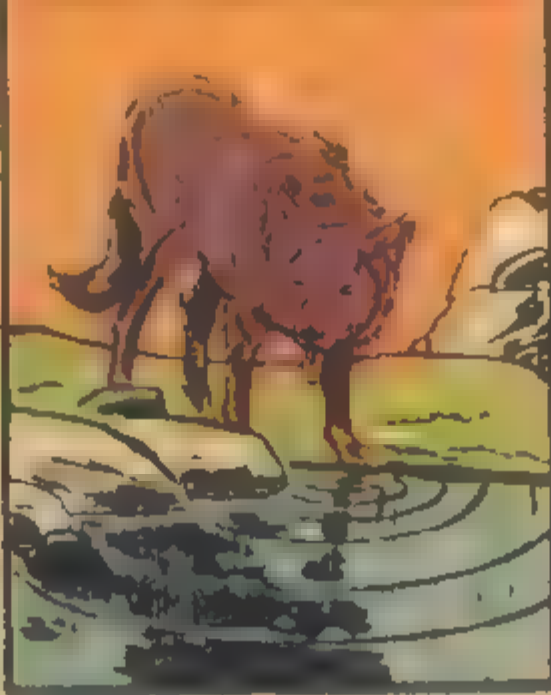
**"The FIGHT at the WATER HOLE!"**



WATER IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD IN THE ARID WASTELANDS OF THE SOUTHWEST SET ASIDE FROM DEEP SPRINGS AND NEARBY RAINS SOME-TIMES A STONE TALK—



HERE COME THE LITTLE DESERT ANIMALS TO DRINK THEIR FILL...



HERE TOO COME MEN AND WHERE MEN COME THERE COMES—  
**DEATH...**





# TIM HOLT

TRAVELLING ACROSS THE DESERT ON THEIR WAY HOME TO THE T-BAR-H RANCH, TIM AND CHITO STOCK UP ON NEEDED SUPPLIES.



THE DAYS ARE HOT ON THE DESERT. THIRST IS LIKE A SPONGE WORKING IN A MAN'S THROAT, DRYING.



SIGHT OF THE WATERHOLE BRINGS A HARD ANXIOUS CRY TO A MAN'S LIPS —



THERE ARE OTHER EYES THAT STUDY THE T.NAJA — HARD BLACK EYES IN A GRAY RED FACE



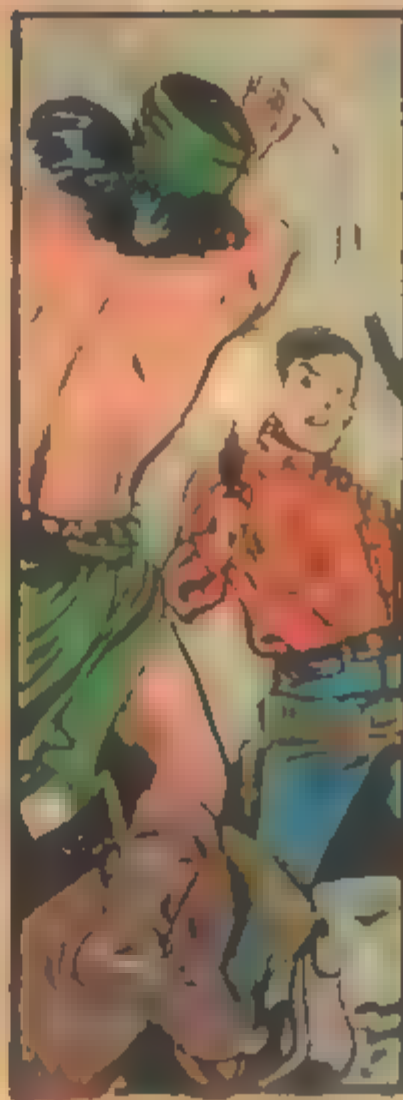
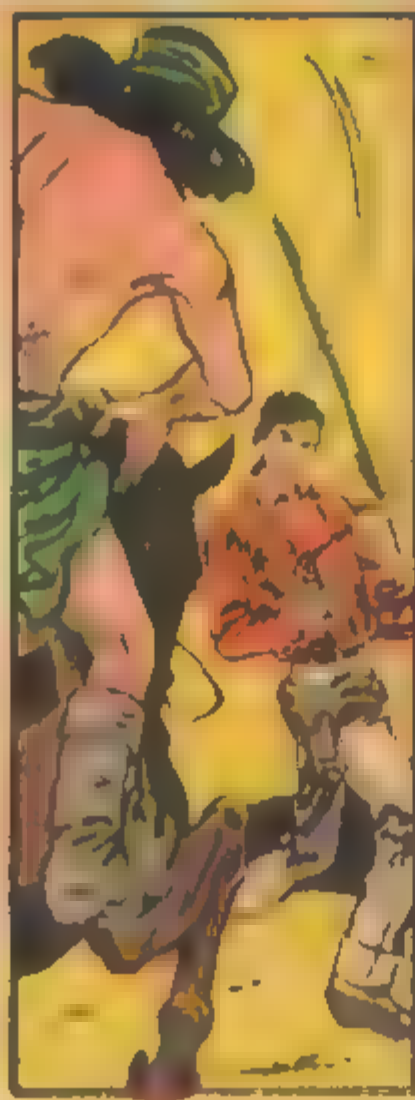
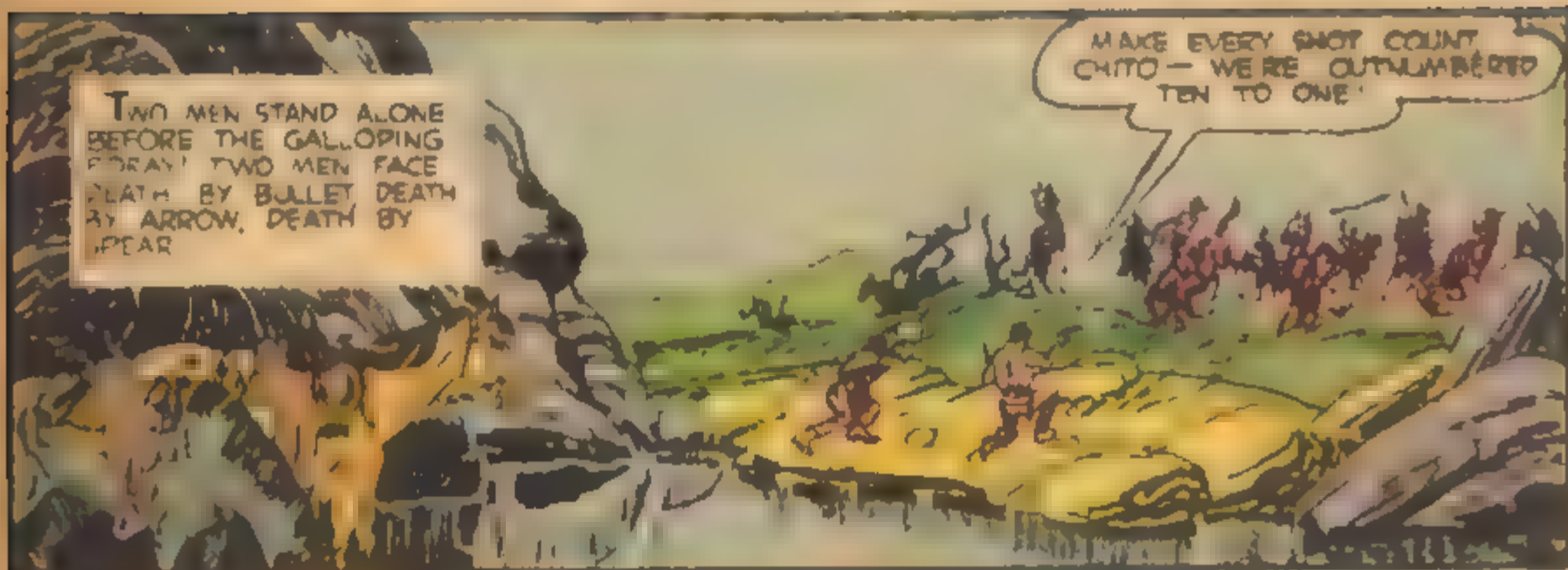
DEATH TO THE PINDAN-LIKOYEE!



ON YOUR FEET CHITO — APACHES!

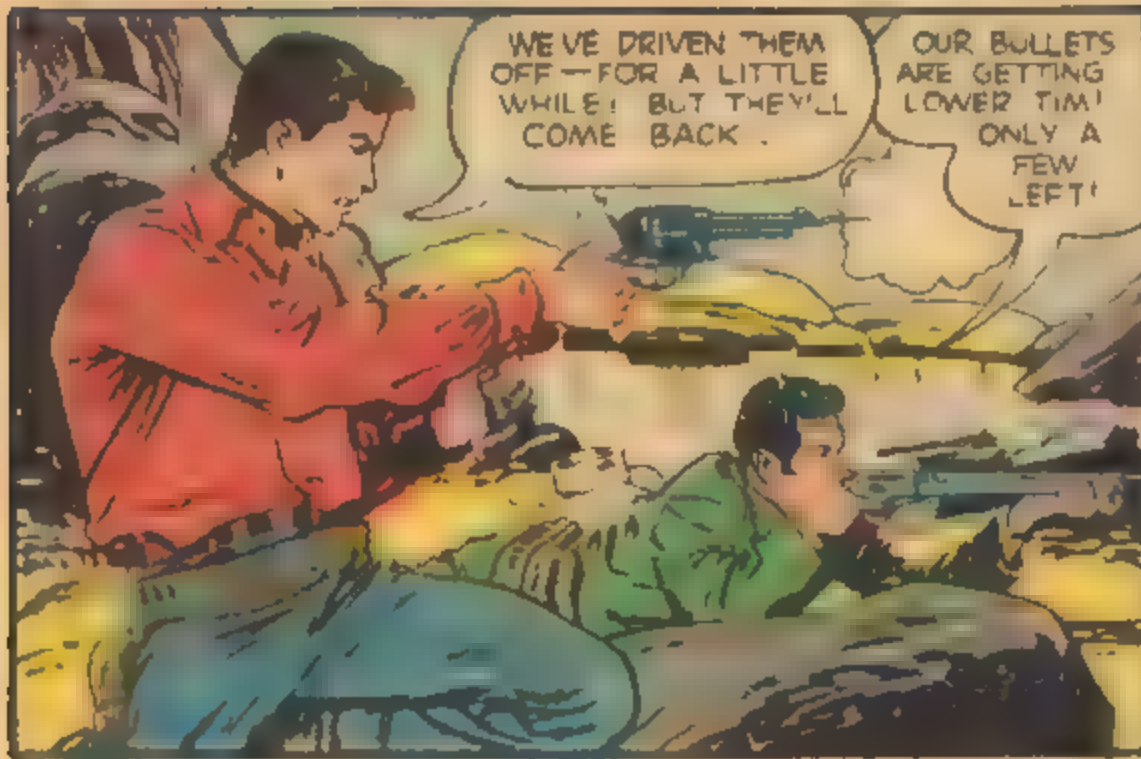








# TIM HOLT



A SHRILL YELLING WAR WHOOP SENDS THEM SCURRYING BACK TO THE TINAJA ROCKS, WITH ARROWS SCRATCHING STONE AT THEIR HEELS.



AGAIN THEY TRY SLIPPING THROUGH THE SAND LIKE SNAKES. AND AGAIN THEY FAIL.



ONCE MORE THEY MAKE THEIR ATTEMPT. ONCE MORE BULLETS AND WAR ARROWS DRIVE THEM TO SHELTER.



NOW TELATSEE LIFTS HIS SPEAR. NOW TELATSEE, HIS EYES GLITTERING WITH MAD HATE, CRIES OUT TO HIS WARRIORS.

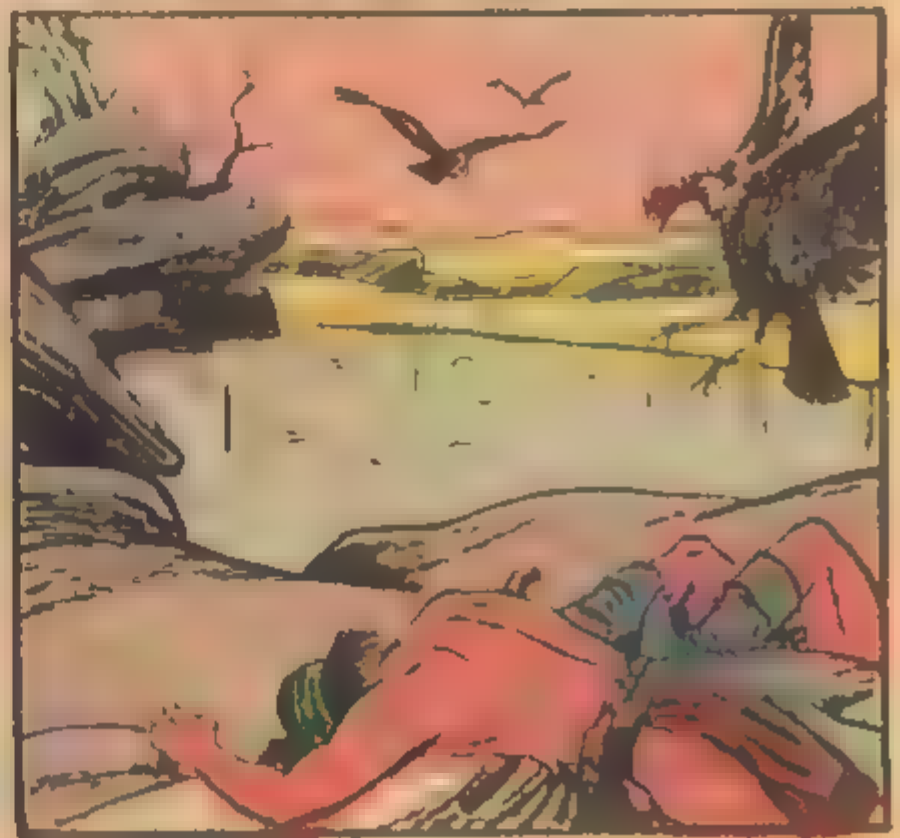




# TIM HOLT



THE WATERHOLE NEVER CHANGES. SOMETIMES THE  
ANIMALS COME TO DRINK. SOMETIMES MEN COME  
AND WHEN MEN COME TO SP THE COOL, COLD,  
WATER THEY COME **DEATH!**





TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

HE WAS THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMINAL IN ALL EUROPE! HIS WAS THE GIFT OF GENIUS. WITH MAKEUP GREASE AND PAINT, HIS NIMBLE FINGERS COULD ALTER HIS APPEARANCE WITH SUCH DEFTNESS THAT NO MAN WOULD EVER SEE HIM THE SAME!

AND WITH THE FRENCH POLICE THE *SURETE*, HOT ON HIS TRAIL, THIS CRIMINAL GENIUS, **ANTON LEMAIRE**, FLEES TO AMERICA—THE AMERICA OF THE EARLY WEST—WHERE WAITING IN THE TOWN OF BULLET IS **REDMASK**, DESTINED TO MATCH WITS, GUN-PLAY AND KNIFE-THROWING WITH—

## "THE MAN OF 1,000 FACES!"



PARTS ON A WINDSWEEP NIGHT WITH RAN SQUALLING IN GUSTS ACROSS ITS COBBLESTONES! A MAN RUNNING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS HIS LIFE DEPENDING ON HIS SPEED...



AS HE RUNS THIS MAN WORKS AT HIS FACE RIPPING AWAY A GLOB OF WAX HERE A BIT OF PAINT THERE



THAT DEVILISH DETECTIVE, CALVERT, IS TOO SMART! I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO THE STREETS TO ESCAPE HIM AND ONCE AGAIN CHANGE MY DISGUISE



# TIM HOLT

THE PARIS SEWERS—FILTHY, SLIMY, DARK—ECHOING TO THE FAINT SLAP-  
SLAP OF RAINING FEET



AND, LATER—FRESH AIR IN A  
MAN'S LUNGS, AND THE SIGHT  
OF SAILS FLAPPING IN A LAZY  
BREEZE . . . A SHIP—READY

TO 'LET ANCHOR' WHO CARES  
WHERE SHE'S GOING—AS LONG  
AS SHE'LL CARRY **ME?**



NEXT MORNING.

IT IS HIS PRINT  
—THE FINGERPRINTS  
OF LEMARE, THE MAN  
OF A THOUSAND  
FACES HE WAS HERE,  
THEN, ON THE  
WATERFRONT!

HE MAY  
HAVE  
STOWED  
ABOARD  
THE BRIG  
**NANCY LEE,**  
BOUND FOR  
AMERICA, M'SIEU  
BERTILLON



NOTE: THIS WAS ALPHONSE BERTILLON  
WHO INVENTED THE CRIME-FIGHTING  
TECHNIQUE OF FINGERPRINTS

YOU MUST FOLLOW HIM, M'SIEU CALVERT!  
HE IS TOO DANGEROUS A CRIMINAL TO  
LIVE! HE MUST PAY THE PENALTY  
FOR HIS CRIMES!

AT ONCE  
M'SIEU!



A STEADY WIND WHIPS WESTWARD THE BRIG, **NANCY LEE,**  
MAKES GOOD TIME AS SHE ROUNDS THE FLORIDA  
KEYS AND HTS WESTWARD TOWARD GALVESTON



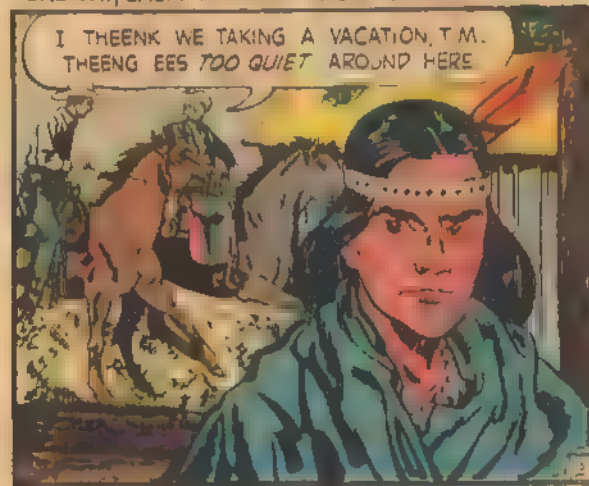
FROM GALVESTON TO DALLAS, THEN WESTWARD TO TAOS,  
AND ON TOWARD CALIFORNIA. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE  
WAY, ANTON LEMAIRE SEES HIS FIRST REDSKIN, AND  
MOMENTS LATER—

AS AN INDIAN, I CAN  
GO ANYWHERE...UNNOTICED! I SHALL  
TAKE THE NAME OF-EAGLE FEATHER!



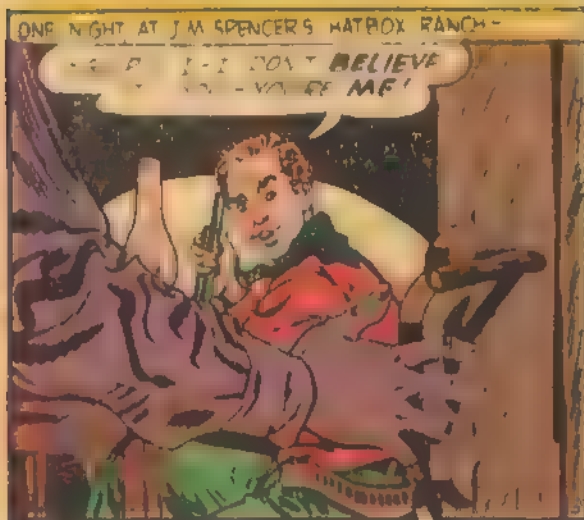
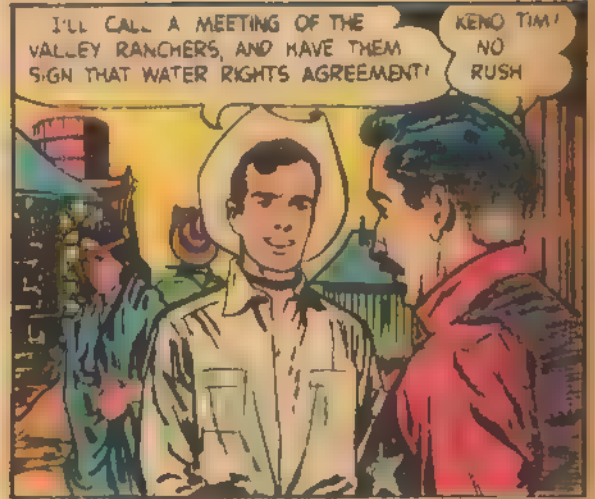
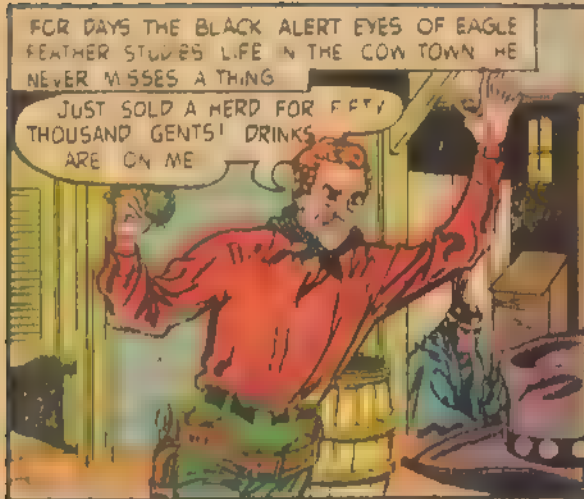
ONE DAY, EAGLE FEATHER ENTERS BULLET

I THEENK WE TAKING A VACATION, T.M.  
THEENG EES TOO QUIET AROUND HERE



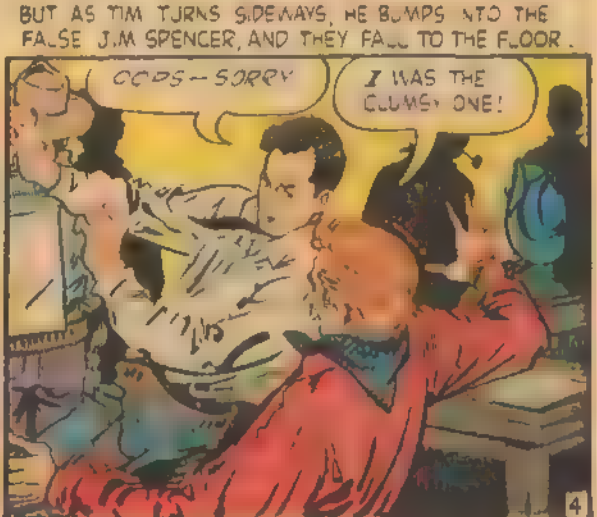
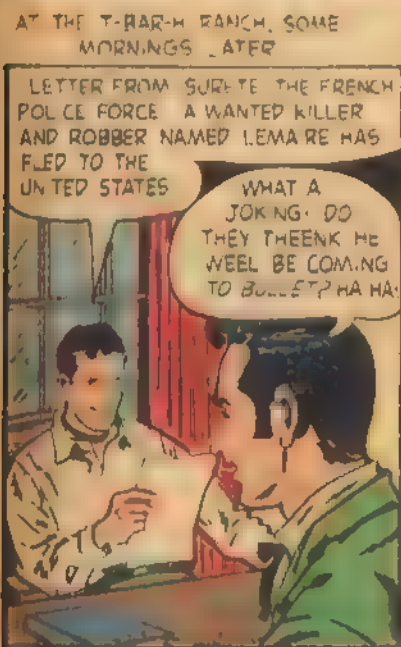


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





SCHEWAT LATER ..

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT?

YOU ARE ALWAYS SCOLDING ME FOR GOING AROUND WITH THE GIRLS! NOW YOU GO AROUND WEETH THEM, EH?

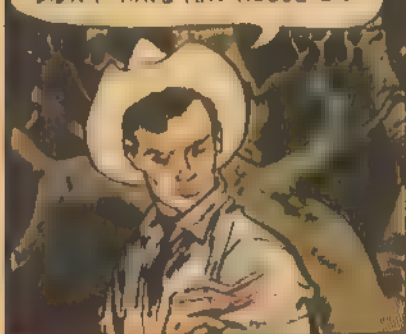


GO AROUND WITH GIRLS? ARE YOU LOCO?

WHY YOU GETTING ROUGE ON YOUR SHIRT, THEN? AHA! YOU CANNOT FOOLING CHITO!



ROUGE? HMMM... I WASN'T OUT WITH ANY GIRL— AND THE ONLY CONTACT I HAD WITH ANY-ONE WAS WHEN J.M SPENCER AND I FELL TOGETHER! BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY ROUGE ON!



SOME DAYS LATER A VISITOR RAPS ON THE DOOR OF THE T-BAR-H RANCH ..

I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER, MISIEU TELL ME OF YOUR SUSPICIONS!

TIM SPENCER'S RIGHT-HANDED, BUT HE **WROTE** WITH HIS LEFT HAND! SOME DAYS AGO HE WROTE WITH HIS **RIGHT** HAND!



I FELL AGAINST HIM, AND GOT ROUGE ON MY SLEEVE. NO MAN WEARS ROUGE—EXCEPT AN ACTOR—OR A MAN WELL-VERSED IN **MAKE-UP!** IT MIGHT JUST BE THAT THIS SPENCER REALLY **IS** LEMAIRE!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE TOWN OF BULLET...

CRATES FROM FRANCE? WE HAVE A STRANGER IN TOWN?

YESSIR, JIM! SOME DETECTIVE FROM THE **SURETÉ!** VISITIN' TIM HOLT, TRYING TO TRACK DOWN SOME FRENCH CRIMINAL!



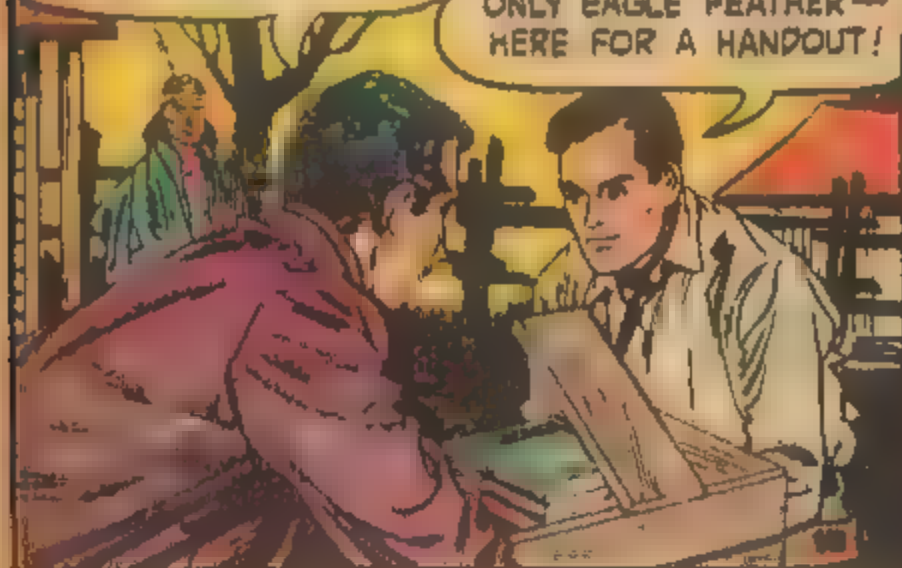
SO? I THINK THIS FRENCH DETECTIVE WILL NOT LIVE VERY LONG!



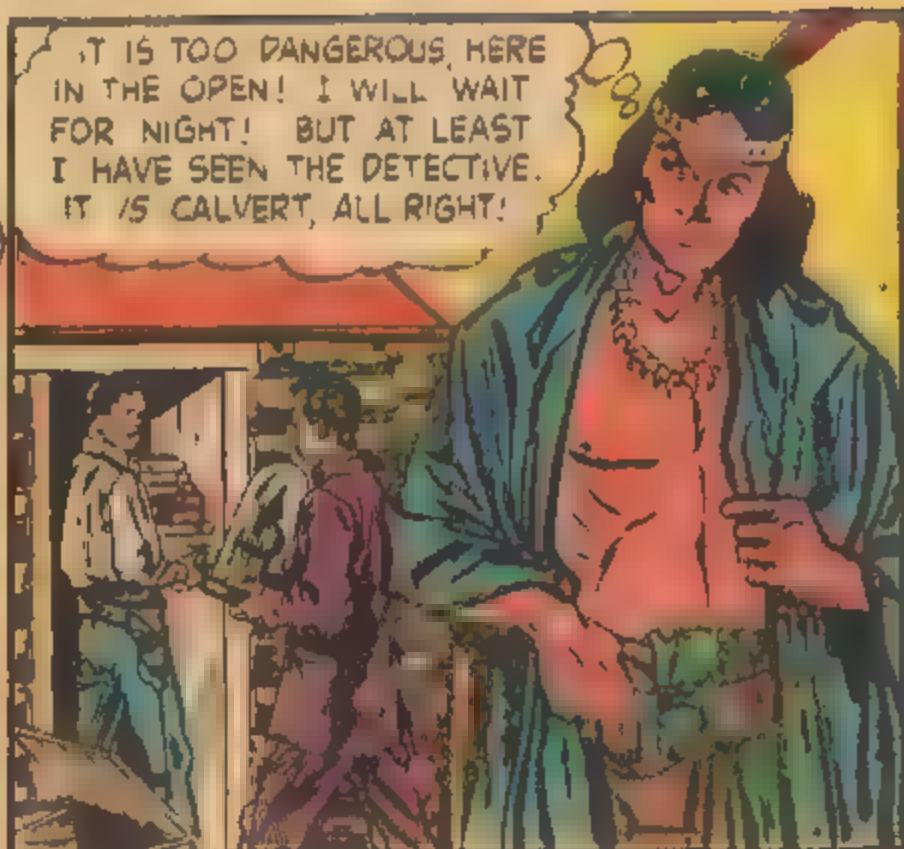


IN THESE CRATES ARE MUCH DETECTIVE MATERIAL, M. SIEU HOLT. WITH BERTILLON DEVELOPING FINGERPRINTING, WITH HANS GROSS AND LOCARD FIGHTING CRIME WITH NEW TECHNIQUES—WE IMPROVE OUR ABILITY TO FIGHT CRIMINALS..

GO ON, CALVERT. THAT'S ONLY EAGLE FEATHER—HERE FOR A HANDOUT!



IT IS TOO DANGEROUS, HERE IN THE OPEN! I WILL WAIT FOR NIGHT! BUT AT LEAST I HAVE SEEN THE DETECTIVE. IT IS CALVERT, ALL RIGHT!

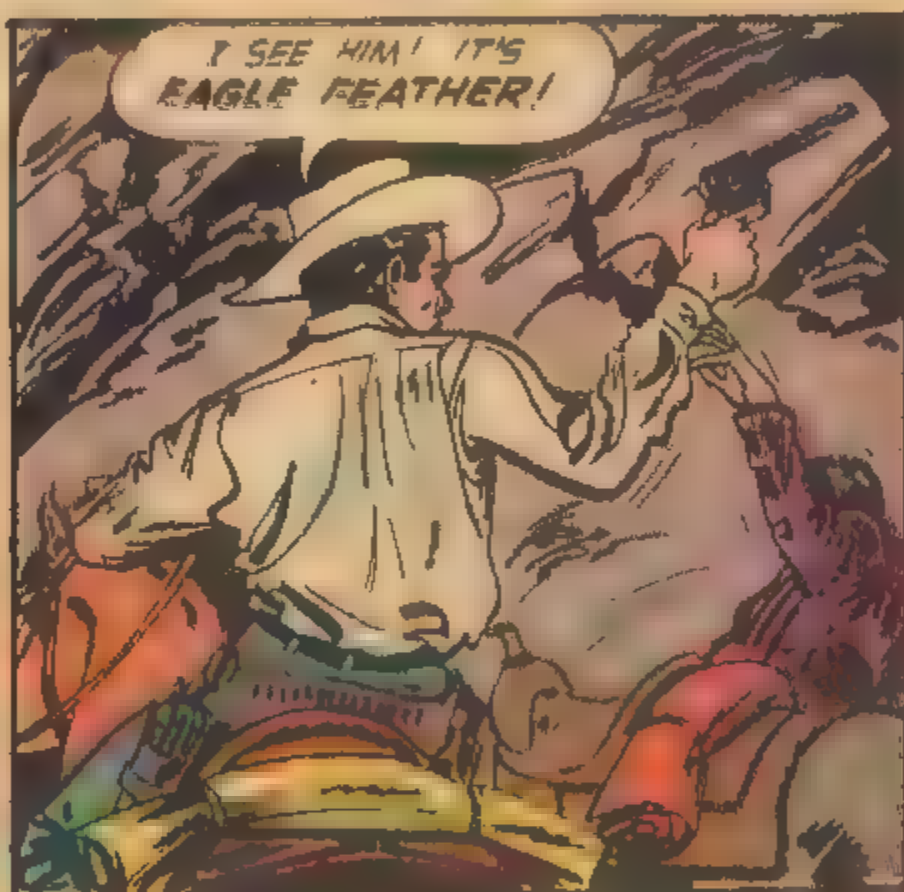


TWO NIGHTS LATER AS TIM AND PAUL CALVERT CANTER BACK FROM A MEETING WITH SHERIFF GAGE OF BULLET.

WE ARE READY TO STRIKE WE—UGGGH!



I SEE HIM! IT'S EAGLE FEATHER!



YOU DON'T GET AWAY JUST BY RUNNING, HOMBRE! I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL!



BUT THERE ARE PLACES IN THE ROCKS OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS WHERE A MAN ON FOOT MAY GO, AND A HORSE MAY NOT FOLLOW..

WHILE HE DISMOUNTS, I MUST FIND A SHELTER OF SOME KIND—IN WHICH TO CHANGE INTO ANOTHER DISGUISE...





# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER, THE MAN OF 1000 FACES EMERGES AS A PROSPECTOR TRUDGING ALONG IN THE SAND...



YOU SEE AN INJUN GO PAST HERE, OLD TIMER?

RECKON I DID, FRIEND! HE WAS RUNNING WESTWARD LIKE TO BUST A GUT!

WITH BLACK POWDER, TIM SECURES THE PRINTS OF THE MAN WITH 1000 FACES.



THIS FINGERPRINTING IS SUCH A NEW SCIENCE, LEMAIRE WON'T BE ON HIS GUARD AGAINST IT.

NEXT EVENING IN THE SILVER STAR SALOON



PASS ME THAT CANDLE, JIM.



TAKE CARE OF... MY DWARF SERVANT, ZUT! USE MY BOOKS... MICROSCOPE... FIGHT CRIME... GET LEMAIRE...!

I PROMISE!

HOURS LATER WORKING WITH BOOKS AND MICROSCOPE...

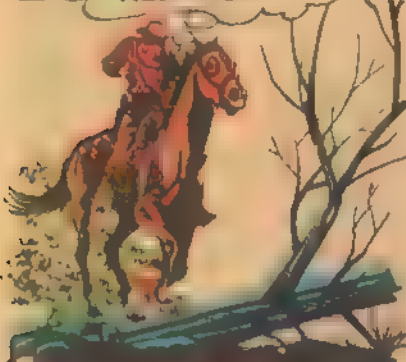


THE SAME! THEY MATCH, ZUT! EAGLE FEATHER'S FINGERPRINTS ARE THE SAME AS JIM SPENCER!

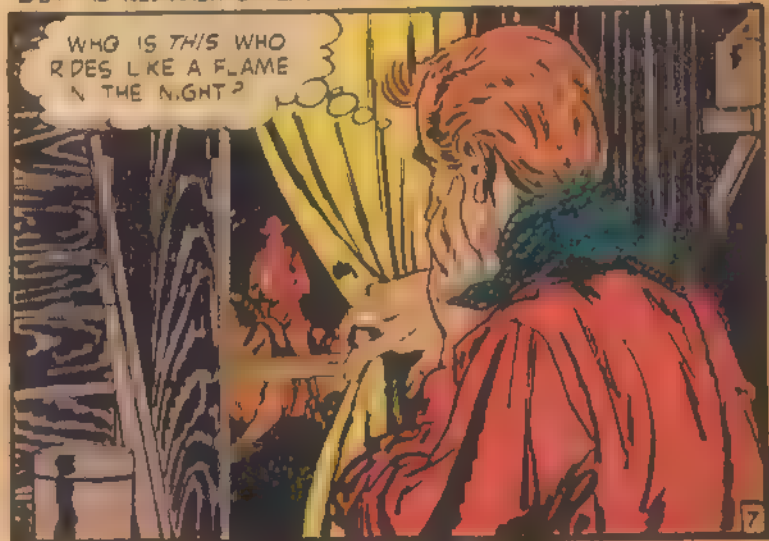
AH!

AS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT NEARS, THE CRIMSON-CLAD FORM OF REDMASK RACES ALONG THE PRAIRIE LAND...

LEMAIRE KNOWS TIM HOLT IS AFTER HIM. HE WILL NOT BE SUSPICIOUS OF REDMASK!



BUT AS REDMASK ENTERS THE YARD OF THE HATBOX RANCH —



WHO IS THIS WHO RIDES LIKE A FLAME IN THE NIGHT?



# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER...

FORGIVE MY DELAY. I WAS ASLEEP. THE OWNER, JAMES SPENCER, IS IN TOWN!



WHOEVER HE IS—  
WHATEVER HE WANTS—  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
I WILL BE SAFER WITH  
HIM—**DEAD!**

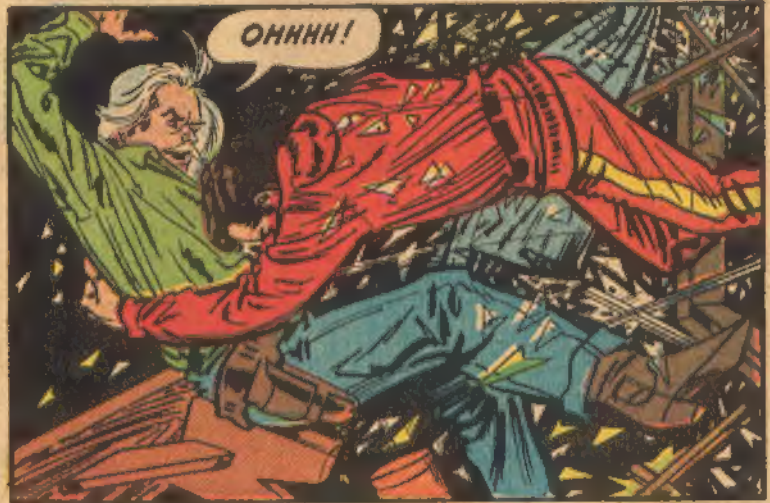


OUTSIDE THE WINDOW—

A GUNBARREL—SHINING  
IN THE MOONLIGHT! THAT  
OLD SERVANT WAS **LEMAIRE**  
HIMSELF!



OHHHH!

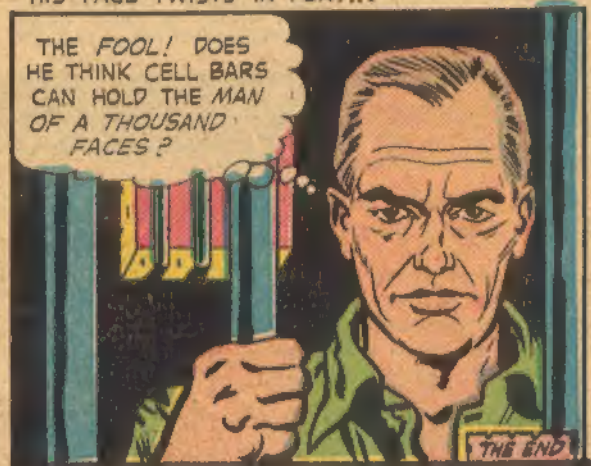


YOU'LL HANG FOR THE  
MURDERS OF JIM SPENCER  
AND PAUL CALVERT—AND  
NOBODY KNOWS HOW  
MANY OTHER POOR DEVILS!



BUT THERE IS NO FEAR IN THE HEART OF  
ANTON LEMAIRE! EVEN IN THE BULLET JAIL,  
HIS FACE TWISTS IN FURY...

THE FOOL! DOES  
HE THINK CELL BARS  
CAN HOLD THE MAN  
OF A THOUSAND  
FACES?



DO NOT FAIL  
TO GET  
YOUR COPY  
OF **TIM  
HOLT  
MAGAZINE**  
—AND READ  
AGAIN OF THE  
FASCINATING  
VILLAIN, WHO  
CAN MAKE  
UP HIS  
FEATURES TO  
RESEMBLE  
ANYONE AT  
ALL—EVEN  
**TIM HOLT  
HIMSELF!**



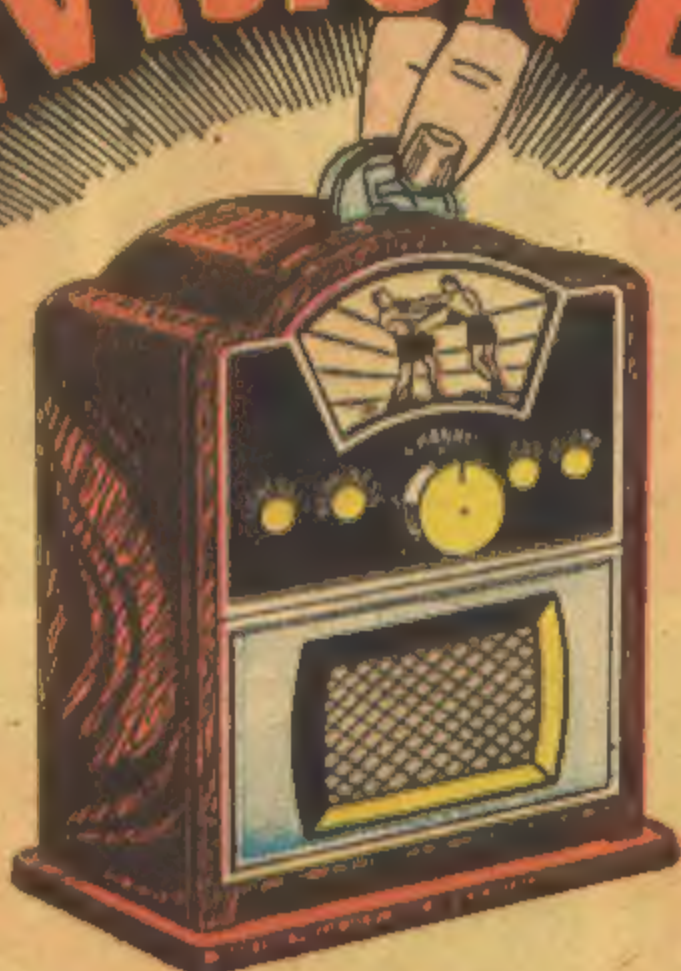
THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

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COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midger wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COINS! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "awie" shows (figs and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—in EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

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SEAGEE CO., Dept. ME-5  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Plainly)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.





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OUR 57th YEAR  
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MEN



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BOYS GIRLS

Act Now



Be First

LADIES MEN



BOYS GIRLS LADIES MEN

ACT NOW

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